

*Zvonko Džokić*

# WHO'S NEXT

ISBN



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Translated by  
Ilinka Crvenkovska

Proofread by  
Matthew Jones

Cover design by  
Natali Nikolovska & Zvonko Dzokic

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# **SCENE 1**





*The office of a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist is alone, sitting on his chair in front of the desk. He's leaning over his notebook and writing something in it. There's a notebook, an appointment book and a typewriter on the desk. Near the desk there's a little table on top of which we see a telephone and some travel advertisements with exotic beaches pictured on them. One of the office walls is a bookshelf full of medical and psychiatric books and magazines. On the other side of the desk we can see another chair and a sofa beside it. The office door is ajar; it leads to the waiting room, which is empty at the moment. The waiting room is furnished with light furniture, a few chairs, a sofa and a couple of small tables. Next to the entrance and the door which leads to the psychiatrist's office there is a third door, which at the moment is ajar; this leads to another doctor's office. Suddenly, the silence is interrupted by the sound of the phone ringing.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Picking up the receiver)* Yes...

A VOICE:

*(From the other end)* Hello, doctor.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Hello.

A VOICE:

It's me, doctor... Sarah!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Remains silent for a moment while trying to remember)* Oh... Sarah, it's you. I haven't heard from you in a long time.

SARAH:

Well... yes... but *(She stops. Both of them remain silent for some time.)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Carefully)* And how are you feeling now, Sarah? Any news since your last call, several months ago?

SARAH:

Yes, doctor. That's the reason why I'm calling you...  
*(Silence)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Go ahead, Sarah. *(Expectantly)*

SARAH:

*(Quietly)* Something happened, doctor, last night...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(He stops his writing, becomes more attentive.)* Something happened to you last night?

SARAH:

*(Speaks loudly and with tension.)* You know it did! Why do you pretend that you don't?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What is going on with you, Sarah?

SARAH:

You mean, what is going on with us, doctor?! *(The psychiatrist remains silent, worried, thinking fast and trying to understand the situation.)* You're not saying anything! Are you still there?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Of course... But, to be honest with you, I can't understand what it is that you're trying to tell me.

SARAH:

*(With audible disturbance in her voice, which gradually becomes quiet and more personal.)* Last night, didn't we... we had an encounter...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(He's surprised, but remains calm.)* You're saying that we had an encounter? You and I?

SARAH:

Yes. We were together, you know... in that way. And it was so beautiful... We were so close. *(Her voice becomes louder)*

*and aggressive.*) Why are you acting as if you know nothing of this?! I had intercourse with you last night! And now I'm carrying your child! That's why I'm calling! I have conceived!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Amazed, he's silent for a moment)* Sarah! As far as I can remember, and as far as you can remember, too, I believe, the two of us haven't had an encounter for several months back. And that was on a professional basis, about your mother's problems. Do you think that my memory is true and based on reality?

SARAH:

Yes. But it's true only as far as that kind of "encounter" is concerned.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What other kind can there be, Sarah?

SARAH:

*(With unhidden passion in her voice.)* The encounter we had last night was different from the other, ordinary, regular ones. It was something special. Just like you and I are special, unique...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm afraid that this experience that you're talking about, of being special, is something outside the limits of real-

ity. The same as your experience of an encounter, which you have described.

SARAH:

(*The tension turns into aggression.*) But, doctor! It has to be real... It happened!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Calm down, Sarah. I'm trying to give you the right explanation of the condition you're in and of the experiences which have caused it.

SARAH:

What is this supposed to mean?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm trying to help you understand your current condition... First, let us try and differentiate whether the encounter took place in your mind or in some actual place?

SARAH:

No... Well, in my mind... of course. You know that I have great power and can do anything I want with my thoughts! And last night... Suddenly, you somehow appeared in my house... And, it happened... that... you know what. The important thing is that now I'm pregnant with your child! (*Short pause*) When am I going to see you?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I believe that, because of the condition you're currently in, you should receive psychiatric help as soon as possible.

SARAH:

*(Begins to shout in anger.)* Psychiatric help! For this?! This has nothing to do with psychiatry! This is only yours and mine! You're just trying to avoid your responsibility, for what you've done. You want to abandon me and your child?! In that case, if that's how things are, I'm going to have it on my own! How can you do this to me?! You got me pregnant, and now you want to run away.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(His voice remains calm.)* Sarah, you're becoming aggressive. And that is your reaction to the events which take place inside your imagination, isn't that so?

SARAH:

Yes... But, no! I'm pregnant! It doesn't matter if the event took place in my imagination. Besides, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE TODAY!!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I have to ask you, once again, to focus on the fact which you have confirmed, that the event took place in your mind, and not in actual physical reality.

SARAH:

Yes. So what? What are you trying to say?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

When the fantasies overwhelm the mind, the person whom this is happening to begins to identify his or her fantasy with reality. That person becomes convinced that whatever he or she thinks is reality, and whatever he or she wishes for, can be fulfilled in reality. That is the basis for your feeling of omnipotence... but, Sarah, let me ask you this: Is it possible that everything one imagines and wishes for can be really, actually fulfilled?

SARAH:

*(Confused, but only for a moment.)* Well... The others certainly can't do that. But I can! I'm special. I have reached the power to be able to touch and create what others can't, through my brain waves...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Interrupts her.)* As for this feeling you have, I have to tell you that you're not the only one. *(Pause)* As a matter of fact, there are a lot of other people who feel themselves to be just as capable as you... Unfortunately, when that sort of feeling becomes their permanent conviction and belief, they usually end up in mental institutions.

SARAH:

*(Upset)* What? You want to put me in a lunatic asylum? You're trying to say that I belong among those people, over there?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Calm down, Sarah! I'm only a psychiatrist responsible for the mental health of the people who come to me for help. I only give my professional opinion and I treat people. My role is not to put people in lunatic asylums, as you call them, or to be someone's prison guard... That is up to the government.

SARAH:

I don't have a problem! I'm pregnant! You're the father of my child! You can't convince me that it's not true!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(He's already tired and exasperated.)* Sarah, maybe it would be better if you came here with your mother so we could discuss this problem again, together?

SARAH:

Is tomorrow all right?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Opens his appointment book and briefly goes through it.)* Yes. Tomorrow at noon is fine.



SARAH:

See you tomorrow, then.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Good-bye. (*He lays down the receiver. His hand remains in that position for a long time, until the phone rings one more time. He lifts up the receiver again.*) Yes?

END OF SCENE ONE



## **SCENE 2**



*A bar. Daytime. There are several tables and a counter in the bar. Half of the tables are occupied by young to middle-aged people, talking quietly and drinking, mostly coffee and tea. Behind the counter stands a young-looking bartender, wearing trousers held up with braces, while a young, good-looking waitress in a short skirt and a low-cut blouse walks among the tables. The door opens, the artist and the psychiatrist walk in. They stop for a moment, looking around, then they sit down at a corner table. The waitress approaches them at once, smiling.*

THE WAITRESS:

What would you like to drink?

THE ARTIST:

*(Looks at the psychiatrist.)* The usual?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes.

THE ARTIST:

Two coffees with milk and two mineral waters.

*The waitress smiles to let them know she has understood, then walks to the bar seductively.*

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THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Pheew. (*Lets out a long breath*) Finally I can get a break!

THE ARTIST:

(*Looks at him from the side*) Interesting design... Ha!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Gives him a brief smile.*) Mhmm... Right, right. Art and all that stuff...

THE ARTIST:

No, you're right! Just spend your entire life dealing with problems. Look at yourself!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Keeps looking away.*) And how do I look?

THE ARTIST:

(*Lights a cigarette.*) Very bad. You've never looked worse... There's nothing left of your "positive energy", as people call it.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

People and "positive energy"!?! Tell me about it, please. Maybe you will cheer me up!?

THE ARTIST:

Hmmm... There you go, successfully avoiding talking about yourself as always. Maybe you've become accustomed to just listening to others?...

*The psychiatrist is silent, looking away at the other tables. Then he looks at the waitress as she comes to the table, serves the coffee and water, seductively turns around and walks away, swinging her hips.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(Quietly) Look, see what happens next.

*At that moment they both look at the waitress, who is already at one of the other tables in the bar. Two forty-year-old men are sitting at that table, wearing noticeably expensive suits, golden watches and bracelets on their wrists and golden necklaces around their necks. Both of them are big, tall, heavy men, strong looking, and at the same time aggressive, violent. At the moment they are looking at the waitress with unhidden lust as she stands in front of them.*

FIRST THUG:

Come, baby! Come! Sit here on my lap.

SECOND THUG:

Come, come! Don't be shy! It's not like you've never done it before?!

*The waitress briefly turns to the other tables in the bar, while the customers remain sitting politely, refusing to pay attention to the scene developing in front of them. Then she turns to the two thugs, quickly sits on the first one's lap and lightly embraces him with one arm.*

THE WAITRESS:

Have we met before?

FIRST THUG:

*(Speaks to the second thug.)* Have we met before, she asks!? Did you hear that? *(The second thug nods and smiles, but at the same time he gives warning looks to the other customers. Then, the first thug speaks to the waitress again.)* I don't remember seeing you before, baby. But, who knows? He, he, he...! When I'm drunk, I don't even remember who I "bang". And... God only knows how many like you I've "banged" so far. Young, healthy, hungry for cash... They want easy money, just like everyone else these days. To make some money and to get some honey at the same time, Baby! *(He goes through his pocket with one hand, and takes out a bundle of money tied with a rubber band.)* See what I've got here! Cash! Could it be yours?!

THE WAITRESS:

*(With a hungry look in her eyes. She places her other arm around his neck.)* Well... it wouldn't be too bad if it were mine. I really like to spend, you know? And I also like to go for rides! Do you have a car?

FIRST THUG:

Look over there! *(He points through the window.)* Do you see that car that's parked over there?



THE WAITRESS:

*(She raises herself and carefully looks through the window.)* That one, the metallic one?! The big one?! Is that yours!?

FIRST THUG:

Yeah, that one, Baby! And it's not just that one, I've got three of those.

THE WAITRESS:

Really? Oooh... you're a sweet boy, I could see that at once. It's your manners! And your touch is so nice, ahhh... *(For a brief moment she rubs her entire body against his, then gently pulls away.)* But I'll see you later. I don't want the owner to see me now. He'll fire me if he does.

SECOND THUG:

Who?! What?! *(Stands up and circles around her while looking menacingly around.)* He can't lay a hand on you if we say so! We've punched the living daylights out of more like him than we can remember!?! We demolish their bars! And then they beg, on their knees. They kiss our hands. Owner, you say!?! *(He becomes agitated, grabs the waitress by the throat.)* We're the owners here! Do you want us to trash this place? *(He takes an ashtray and smashes it on the floor while facing the customers.)* Then you'll know he can't touch us, him or anyone else!

THE WAITRESS:

(*Scared*) Don't! Please! The police will come and then there'll be trouble.

FIRST THUG:

Police you say, poor baby? We're the police around here, don't you know that? We're the state... Heey! No one can touch us. How many times have I smacked around cops, when they didn't behave, didn't know their place. Do you have any idea?!

THE WAITRESS:

Please be quiet! There! (*Quietly*) That's one of them, there. You know, a snitch.

*The waitress quickly leaves the first thug's lap and walks towards the counter. The door opens and a middle-aged man wearing civilian clothes, but with a penetrating gaze, walks in. He looks carefully around the bar while he approaches the counter. Suddenly, when he notices the two thugs, he stops dead with a frozen look on his face. The two thugs stand up, leave some money on their table and casually walk among the tables toward the exit, winking at the other customers as they go. They approach the man whom the waitress called a snitch, they smile at him, shake his hand and then walk out the door. Before closing it, they turn back for a moment, look at the waitress, and wink at her while closing the door behind them. The so-called snitch re-*

*mains behind, looking at the psychiatrist and the artist with a penetrating and inquisitive gaze.*

THE ARTIST:

Look at that moron! I just can't stand them.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Quickly finishes his coffee.)* Lets go, I don't like this.

*They leave their table in a hurry, approach the waitress, pay their bill and quickly walk out of the bar. The penetrating gaze of the snitch is on them all the time.*

END OF SCENE TWO



## **SCENE 3**



*The same setting as from scene one. The psychiatrist hangs up the phone, writes down an appointment in his notebook, takes a deep breath and then slowly exhales. Then he stands up and with a heavy step he leaves the office and goes into the empty waiting room. He stops next to the window, places his hands inside his pockets and stares outside with an empty gaze. After some time, the other doctor walks out of his office, stops for a moment, then approaches the psychiatrist. He glances at him sideways, takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, takes one, slowly lights it, and continues to carefully observe the psychiatrist who keeps staring out of the window, with a stunned look on his face.*

THE DOCTOR:

Want one?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(After this comment the expression on his face quickly turns into a smile. He turns toward the doctor.) You've always been a good psychiatrist! (He laughs out loud.) A lot better than most of the ones I know... And, in fact, I'll have one, even though I don't smoke. (He takes a cigarette from the pack, which the doctor is holding out to him.)*

THE DOCTOR:

*(Lights his cigarette.)* What's going on? Is there a problem of some sort?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Smoking and thinking.)* Yes... There will be a problem.

*(For a moment he's quiet.)* A big problem.

THE DOCTOR:

Is it a freaky story?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes...As freaky as it gets...

THE DOCTOR:

So, it's the resurrection of Hitchcock, is it? Psycho, or..?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I have a feeling that this could only be a Balkan psycho. One of our typical stories. *(He's quiet, deep in his thoughts. Pause.)*

THE DOCTOR:

Well, the Balkans is the usual setting for crazy stories. *(He turns around and walks to the other end of the room, disturbed.)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Quietly, as if talking to himself.)* Always, it seems... Psychoanalysis points to the fact that nothing happens by chance. And after everything that happened in... *(Sud-*



*denly he stops and shrugs helplessly.)* I don't want to talk about it anymore! When I do, I get upset and... I don't know why, but I feel ashamed.

THE DOCTOR:

There you go with your feeling of responsibility! Look around you, man! That sort of thing doesn't exist here anymore. It hasn't for a long time! And even less over there. Everything is ruined over there... finished. As for here... different times, different people. Man! You burden yourself with some sort of responsibility, while everyone around you cheats and steals. And on top of that, there's all the violence, the murders, terrorism hanging in the air. Like it's going to happen any moment now... We didn't have that before. And you talk about responsibility?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Why do you say that, when you know you feel the same? You can't help it either, even though you talk this way... It's the way you've been raised and... there's no way around it. Always the obedient son, the good pupil, the hard working student, the devoted doctor, the caring husband... A responsible father, in short. You've been playing the same role I have, and you also know that you can't help it. You can't go against yourself, stepping over your principles. That's called morals, Super-ego, heeey... *(He begins to raise his voice and nervously paces through the waiting room.)* These people, the ones that are coming now, don't have that, and that is why it's so easy for them to do all this dirty work. *(He*

*walks towards the vase, takes out a flower, looks at it for a moment and then slowly begins to pull out the petals, letting them drop to the floor, watching them fall with intense interest.)* The same thing happens when the personality begins to disintegrate, to enter into psychosis. The Superego is the first to go, together with the judgment of reality. The borders toward inside and outside are erased, and then... when there's no control... *(He drops the naked flower stem on the floor and turns to the doctor with a worried look on his face.)* ... you get the feeling of omnipotence. Omnipotence in the fulfilling of your urges! It is a feeling of "Anything I want, I can have" ... When that happens, the others cease to exist as equal subjects, the only thing that is left is a huge ME and MY needs. The others only exist as a necessary element of the morbid system. *(He stops talking and sits down in one of the chairs, looking through the window.)*

THE DOCTOR:

*(Sighs several times and then lights another cigarette.)*  
What happened just now? Who were you talking to?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(He continues to think for some time before answering.)* Do you remember the mother and daughter? With the eating disorder?

THE DOCTOR:

Yes. What about them?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

The daughter is developing transfer psychosis. (*Pause.*)  
With some "Balkan syndrome" added to it.

THE DOCTOR:

*(Puts out the cigarette and walks to the corner of the room in which there's a small kitchenette.)* Want some coffee?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Sure.

THE DOCTOR:

*(Makes the coffee in silence. The psychiatrist is also silent, again looking out the window. After a while, facing away from the psychiatrist and still making the coffee, the doctor speaks again, sounding worried.)* What does psychoanalysis have to say about those conditions? And what is causing the disintegration of the personality at this particular moment?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

There are no coincidences, doctor!... Those forces are released from the unconscious when there's no repression. For the correct judgment of reality and the stable dominance of the reason to be able to function, a clear separation and control of the infantile and irrational urges is necessary... Without it there can be no civilization, no human socialization or sublimation of that energy into constructiveness, creation.

THE DOCTOR:

Are you trying to say that, without such control, there has to be destruction, some sort of demolition?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Always!

THE DOCTOR:

*(A little confused, pours the coffee into cups.)* It somehow reminds me of everything that's going on around us... And what brought about this in her? And why is it transferred onto you?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Thinks for a moment.)* I'll try to put it simply. *(Stands up, walks to his office and quickly comes back carrying some small puppets. He arranges them on one of the tables.)* Try to imagine the situation she's in and her position in it. *(Points at the puppets.)* There's the mother on one side, who is ill, has had several paranoid psychotic episodes, with ideas unacceptable for the environment... they reproach her. She divorces her husband because of her irrational ideas and then, for fear of being abandoned and left alone, she enchains her daughter to herself. She does that by creating a feeling of guilt through messages about the child's duty to care for the mother and not even think about leaving the parent. There's also the constant cursing and threats of magic punishment, increasingly binding the child to the

mother out of fear of the imaginary punishment. (*He stops, looking at the puppets.*)

THE DOCTOR:

(*Leaves the coffee cups on the other table and points to one of the puppets while sitting down.*) And on the other side? What's there?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Sips his coffee.*) The problem is that there is no other side. (*Both of them are silent for a while, drinking their coffee.*) The father distanced himself. He ran away from the mother, sacrificed his child's health in order to save his own...

THE DOCTOR:

What choice did he have? (*He thinks about it for a moment.*) Of course, he could have taken the child with him, being the healthy parent. (*He thinks about it some more.*) He rejected her. How could he do that? What kind of a father is he?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Smiles softly.*) It seems that we're back to the question of responsibility. And you were telling me off, harshly, when I mentioned it.

THE DOCTOR:

Well... It's not the same thing. (*He thinks to himself again.*) Are the mothers so strong here, in this place, or

maybe, the men are so weak and incapable of changing anything... *(He sighs, leans back in his chair and finishes his coffee.)* Actually, I don't know what to make of this, I'm confused... What is your part in this story?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

She has transferred her awakened fantasy of an ideal father onto me as the need to abandon her mother has matured. She is unconsciously solving her problem by creating a situation in which she feels the other to be compelled to take her because of her imaginary pregnancy and the release of a feeling of grandiose omnipotence. In this case that other is me.

THE DOCTOR:

He, he, he..

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

It's not funny.

THE DOCTOR:

I was just thinking that she's not the only one... The Virgin Mary also conceived without any physical contact. Interesting, don't you think?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

More than interesting! The clergy attacked Freud because he wrote "The Future of an Illusion". And the only thing he does in it is to analyze the illusions which the church has systematically propagated and also the

method of unconditional faith on the part of the believers, not questioning the dogmas. (*For a moment he thinks without speaking.*) The Inquisition, with its persecution, expressed the threat behind this demand for unconditional faith with extreme absurdity. "You're either with me or you're gone!..." (*Pause.*) Paranoia, my friend, that's what it is!

THE DOCTOR:

(*Listens in silence, smokes, then stands up and clears away the coffee cups.*) Persecution, is it? (*Exhales loudly.*) Turns out that everything is religion. In the end, it seems that they didn't have a real man, a father, either? And it's the same thing with politics, the same rules and laws? (*He gives the psychiatrist a sly look.*) Heh, heh... Maybe you, the psychiatrists, are the ones who should be in power? What do you think of that? You'll handle things easily, I think. Just like he did...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Oh, no! You're very good at mocking, I give you that! But please, don't compare me to him! It makes me angry and agitated. I don't even consider him to be a psychiatrist! (*He stands up and quickly paces through the room.*) That is the incarnation of the "Balkan syndrome".

THE DOCTOR:

(*Surprised.*) Balkan syndrome? What's that supposed to be? I thought you were joking when you mentioned it before.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(With anger.)* It is a combination of madness and perversion of morality. You know, madness is one thing, but immorality... and perverse on top of that... You can only find it in the Balkans. *(He stops and reminisces for a moment.)* My professor was right when he used to say that paranoia in modern times is almost always in relation to economic interest and material gain. I couldn't understand it at the time... But now it turns out that with his ideas about this and other things, he was ahead of his time.

THE DOCTOR:

... And he drank.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Smiles.)* All things considered, it turns out he had to... or, maybe, he knew how to live his life? *(At that moment the telephone starts to ring in both offices. The psychiatrist is the first to stand up and walk over to his, then he lifts up the receiver.)* Yes?

END OF SCENE THREE



# **PLAY 1**



*An empty street. Night. Two young boys in shabby clothes are walking down the street. As they reach the corner, the shape of the first Thug appears in front of them. They talk briefly. The thug gives them something, then walks away. The boys go to the other street and wait in front of an entrance. After a while the door opens and a man walks out, not noticing the boys. The boys jump on him, push him to the ground and violently beat him.*



## **SCENE 4**



*An empty waiting room. The doctor steps out of his office accompanied by a patient, walking him toward the exit. On one of the walls in the background hangs a clock showing the time: twelve. Before walking out the door, the patient turns toward the doctor.*

THE PATIENT:

See you soon, doctor. Thank you very much.

THE DOCTOR:

See you soon. Do as I told you and everything will be all right.

THE PATIENT:

I'll do my best. Thank you again.

THE DOCTOR:

Good-bye.

*(He closes the door and walks back to his office. When he's halfway there the doorbell rings. The doctor turns around, walks back to the door and opens it. A mother and a daughter walk in. The mother is smiling a wide smile, wearing clothes which would be suitable for a little girl, a huge ribbon in her hair with a butterfly on it, her lips covered in lipstick. The daughter is wearing a long,*

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*semi-transparent maternity dress. Her eyes are wide open, staring at the door that leads to the psychiatrist's office.)*

THE MOTHER:

Good afternoon.

THE DOCTOR:

Good afternoon. *(He glances at them sideways and slowly closes the door behind them, never letting them out of sight.)*

THE MOTHER:

Is the doctor here? I'm referring to the psychiatrist.

THE DOCTOR:

*(Lightly nods in confirmation.)* Yes. If you have an appointment, I'm sure he's waiting for you in his office.

THE MOTHER:

Ooooh... of course! He has to see my daughter and myself, in person. We have to make a very important decision together.

*(Again, the doctor nods lightly, and points to the psychiatrist's office with his right hand. With unconstrained curiosity, his eyes follow them as they enter the office, then he lights a cigarette and goes to the waiting room window. The mother walks in front of the daughter and is the first to step through the door. The*



*psychiatrist is in the office, sitting behind his desk and leaning over his notebook, writing something in it. The mother stops at the office door, while the daughter is behind her, gazing at the psychiatrist.)*

THE MOTHER:

Good afternoon, doctor. We're here.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Raises his head, quickly stands up, as he's closing the notebook in front of him.)* Good afternoon. Please have a seat. *(He closes the office door after the two women walk to their seats. The daughter takes the chair across from him, constantly giving him lascivious looks, grinning from time to time. The mother, looking happy and in a good mood, sits on the sofa near the doctor.)*

THE MOTHER:

Doctor! My girl is everything I have in this life. She is my baby doll, my dream and my life. I'll do anything for her happiness! *(She looks at her daughter, the daughter looks back at her. They smile at each other with understanding and elation.)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Your daughter called me here yesterday, at this office, and told me something, which caused me to believe there was a good reason for us to meet and talk as soon as possible.

THE MOTHER:

Of course, of course... That's exactly what we want. (*Turns to the daughter again, with a look of importance on her face.*) We want it so badly!

SARAH:

I want it, Doctor! I want it so bad! (*Gives the doctor a seductive smile, leaves her chair, walks over to her mother and fixes the ribbon in her hair. They hug gently, and then turn to the doctor and look at him. Then the daughter gently releases her mother and with the step of a ballet dancer walks back to her seat, while looking at the psychiatrist with lust.*)

THE MOTHER:

You are so beautiful, Doctor. You arouse passion... I mean, goodness, in me... in my daughter, that is! I... she, likes you so much. I'm so happy that this thing has blossomed and exists among the two of you... My daughter is also a beauty. Like me! She's so beautiful. (*She squeezes her hands in happiness, then tears suddenly come to her eyes and she takes out a bunch of tissues from her big, square handbag. She sniffs loudly and sobs from time to time.*) She looks exactly like me when I was young. A true beauty! As for myself? A lot of young, handsome men desired me. Men like you! But... I ended up a fool, choosing that one... Ah, how could I make that mistake!? Why wasn't I thinking, really thinking, like a woman? I wasn't wise, but... But I have my

daughter now. She's beautiful... almost as beautiful as I was. And even now I'm not too bad to look at, am I, Doctor? *(She winks, first at the psychiatrist, then at her daughter, who smiles an excited smile at her.)* Don't you think?... I'm just joking. I'm not the one who matters now, it's my daughter. *(Sniffs loudly again.)* And she's so intelligent. She turned out to be smarter than her mother. Ooooooh, I'm so happy. *(She finishes with a long sob, sniffing and constantly wiping her face with the tissues, which she then drops on the office floor. They end up one step away from the psychiatrist's feet, while he quietly sits and observes the scene.)* I'm so happy! *(She suddenly stops the sniffing and sobbing, stands up, walks to her daughter and makes the sign of the cross in front of her several times.)* God bless you, my child.

SARAH:

Sweet mother! *(She hugs her. After this, the mother walks back to her seat and stares at the doctor with determination.)*

THE MOTHER:

Before, when she came to see you about her problems, I thought that something might take seed here, between the two of you. I even dreamt about you! I used to imagine how you would look in my daughter's arms. So much excitement, even I could feel it. So much excitement... I haven't felt in a long time. For a while, I

was even disturbed by those thoughts! You know when that was, at the time when... But all's well that ends well. I'm so happy, soooo happy... (*She begins to cry again, but makes an effort to stop.*) But you're not saying anything, Doctor. Say something! Let's hear you speak! You are so smart, beautiful. Oooo! (*Slowly, she calms down, letting the psychiatrist talk.*)

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Calmly.*) Your daughter says that she's pregnant. I would like to ask her to say something about this pregnancy in your presence.

SARAH:

Well, then... Yes... I am carrying your child. And now we have to make arrangements...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Interrupts her.*) Please explain. I'm sure your mother will find it particularly important to hear how this pregnancy came about.

SARAH:

Well... just like that. (*A smile appears on her face, and she looks at the psychiatrist hopefully.*) You came to my house a few nights ago... in my room... I wasn't expecting you... you appeared... somehow, suddenly... then... (*Her excitement grows.*) It was wonderful... the feeling

of us being together. You were so gentle with me... and I... I've never had that feeling before...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Calmly.*) In our last conversation, over the phone, you confirmed that this entire experience of yours happened in an encounter which took place in your fantasies, unlike all the usual encounters in everyday reality.

SARAH:

Yes. That is true... But does it matter how and when it happened, in what way, all this? What matters is that the two of us were together.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Let me remind you one more time. This encounter, the one you described, and the event as a result of which you say you became pregnant, an event you say I participated in, have happened in your mind, not outside of it, in material reality.

SARAH:

Well, of course... (*She becomes enraged.*) What material reality?! That is for the others, the vulgar, stupid ones! You and I are above them!... We can have contact through brain waves. You appeared and materialized in front of me after I began to communicate with you with the help of telepathy. (*She slaps her hands*

*against her knees in anger.*) Why do you pretend now, as if you haven't felt it and you know nothing of this?! How many times have you sent me messages through the waves and how many times so far we have communicated from afar? And now you are trying to deceive me! Me and my family!?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Speaks to the mother.)* What is your impression of all this? Do you believe that it's possible for a woman to conceive through brain waves, in the mind? Or that it's possible to communicate in such a manner?

THE MOTHER:

*(Shrugs in disappointment, her eyes shifting from her daughter to the psychiatrist with confusion.)* Oh, Doctor! I don't know what to say about all of this. In my entire life I've never met a woman who has conceived in such way... I know how I became pregnant with her. And I think that all women, my daughter included, can only get pregnant like that. *(Pause. The mother is devastated, becoming increasingly worried.)* Oh, this is terrible, just terrible! What am I to do now? *(She stands up, then sits back down again.)* I did not expect this. It's impossible! *(With a lot of confusion she fixes her hair, her dress, touches her cheeks, then covers her mouth.)* For God's sake, Doctor! What are we going to do about this girl? You tell me. What is your suggestion?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

This condition that your daughter is in, from a psychiatric point of view, is considered to be a serious transgression from normal mental functioning. If adequate measures are not taken on time, there's a possibility of disintegration of the personality. With consequences for the entire future life. Considering the fact that the condition is in the beginning of its pathological development, and your daughter is young and full of other potentials, which need to be protected, the necessary thing to do would be immediate, serious and professional approach in the treatment of her personality.

THE MOTHER:

Doctor, I trust you. Please... anything you think is necessary... To save our girl.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

The best thing for your daughter right now, because of the condition she's in and because of the involvement of my personality in her sick system of thoughts, is for her to be treated by another, neutral psychiatrist. I would be available for any information which could be of professional use to him.

THE MOTHER:

I don't know what to say to this. (*Pause.*) But we want you to be the one. We don't want to lose you. We need you, only you!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm not avoiding my professional responsibility, on the contrary, I'm acting in accordance with it! At this moment I am unable to exist as a psychiatrist inside your daughter's psychological world. In it, the lines between reality and her fantasies about me are erased. Her concept of reality in relation to myself does not exist right now. That is why it's better for her to be treated by a neutral psychiatrist.

THE MOTHER:

*(Disappointed and desperate.)* All right. We'll do things your way. You tell us where to go.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'll give you a list of several names *(He writes on a piece of paper.)* Here, you can choose one of them.

SARAH:

*(Frightened.)* I think I need a gynecologist, not a psychiatrist. I'm pregnant.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

You can discuss it with your new psychiatrist.

THE MOTHER:

Come, daughter, let's go.

SARAH:

But we didn't make an arrangement.



THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Calm down. You should immediately call one of the psychiatrists whose names I wrote down for you.

THE MOTHER:

So long, doctor. We'll make sure to stay in touch.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'll do my best, within the professional limits. I wish you all the best.

*The mother and daughter leave. The psychiatrist sighs heavily, opens his notebook and writes in it, then walks out into the waiting room. After a while the other doctor enters the waiting room.*

THE DOCTOR:

So? What happened? Did you make "mummy" see the truth? *(He takes out a cigarette from the pack in his pocket. He offers the psychiatrist one, then lights both of them.)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Exhaling through his mouth.)* For the moment, yes.

THE DOCTOR:

For the moment? I don't get it.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I don't know how to explain it, but I have this bad feeling. I've had it from the start.

THE DOCTOR:

Right, a bad feeling. Well... I've had it all these years. (*Pause.*) I still have it. And it grows. It won't stop! I can't get rid of it, make it go away... When is all this going to end? God only knows?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

(*Stubs out the cigarette with agitation.*) God? There's no such thing in the Balkans, buddy. God has said "farewell" to the Balkans. A long time ago. With these peoples and their traditions...

THE DOCTOR:

(*Interrupts him.*) Which traditions are you talking about? There aren't any in this place.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm talking about our traditions, here and around us. They exist and, unfortunately, most of them are made up of mechanisms which are... beyond the principle of pleasure.

THE DOCTOR:

"Beyond the pleasure principle". Freud again, right?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Well done, Doctor! You're confirming my thesis that with what you already know, you're way above most local psychiatrists, psychologists and self-appointed "therapists".

THE DOCTOR:

Don't exaggerate. I'm not really acquainted with the contents of that essay of his.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes, but at least you know it exists, which is a real rarity here... And not only here.

THE DOCTOR:

Right! *(Both of them smile. The doctor lights another cigarette, while the psychiatrist goes to the kitchenette, pours himself a glass of water and drinks it. At that moment the sound of the phone ringing comes from the distance, out of the two offices. The doctor takes the wireless phone from his office and walks back to the waiting room as he answers it.)* Hello!... Ah, yes. It's you again... Yes, the psychiatrist is here. Just a moment! *(He hands the receiver to the psychiatrist with a surprised look on his face. Then he retreats to his office.)*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes, how may I help you.

A WOMAN'S VOICE:

This is Sarah's mother, once again. Doctor... I would like to inform you that I've been thinking a lot on our way back, about everything we discussed in your of-

fice... And I've changed my mind... I believe my daughter. She's pregnant and... that's all there is to it! There's no turning back! You are going to be her husband and my son-in-law... Heh, heh, heh...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

But just half an hour ago you agreed that it's impossible to conceive in such a way! And...

THE MOTHER:

*(Interrupts him.)* Anything is possible these days, doctor! Anything is possible these days! Those are the times. Ha, ha...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Are you saying that you also believe in things happening outside of reality, that you also think in this way?

THE MOTHER:

Maybe it's you who is outside of reality? Eh, doctor? *(Silence on both sides.)* My daughter will come to your place and call you every day, if that's what it takes. Until...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

These are only your unhidden, deep desires and fantasies. Which, I'll repeat, cannot be fulfilled in the actual reality. You need to stop this before it's too late, please, for the sake of

both your daughter and yourself. Besides, you are the only person responsible for your child's health at this moment...

THE MOTHER:

You stop it! Anything is possible these days, I believe that! And you... heh... heh... you will be my son-in-law.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

None of this is real, you have to understand that!

THE MOTHER:

It's real for us. And you, you'll have to except that, or...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Or?

THE MOTHER:

Or.. well, you'll be sorry. You are a respectable man and your honor is very important to you, isn't it?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

As it is for any other normal person.

THE MOTHER:

There you go! Imagine, if everyone knew what you did to my daughter. That you rejected her in such a cruel way. And then physically molested us. Abusing your profession... Shame on you! Of course you would be

ashamed!... And then, when everyone finds out about it, heh, heh, heh... You'll lose your patients, your existence. Why, Doctor, you should be ashamed of what you did to my daughter! Ah... ha, ha... But don't worry. Everything will be taken care of. You know, we don't look so bad, do we? We are beautiful, both of us. Come, doctor, come and see us! Visit us. We'll get to know each other better and... we'll please you, heh, heh. My girl is young, but I'll teach her. I could even help out, you know...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Let me remind you once again that I am not your husband. Somehow you'll have to accept the fact that your daughter is currently in a state of serious mental disturbance. And if I can remember well, you yourself have had similar experiences on three occasions in your life. Can you remember?

THE MOTHER:

Yes... But why do you remind me of those dreadful moments of my life? It's all in the past, and I'm completely healthy now!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm only trying to point out that your daughter is suffering from an almost identical disturbance. And she's in need of intensive psychiatric help in order to stop the development of a serious mental illness...

THE MOTHER:

*(Interrupts him.)* My daughter is smart. The smartest! She has always been smarter than me. I trust her. And I also want these things she's talking about. And that's enough! You think about it! Who do you think you are?! You think you're so beautiful? The only one?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Please! I've already said everything that my professional and personal responsibility compels me to. I have to end this conversation now, I have other responsibilities.

THE MOTHER:

But, how...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*Good-bye. (He disconnects. He steps out of the office into the waiting room. The doctor is there, involved in a friendly conversation with a young man in his forties with a cheerful face and dressed in colorful clothes. They interrupt their conversation and the man who's smiling stands up and looks at the psychiatrist. The psychiatrist is the first to speak.)* Ooo, hello, maestro! What a pleasant surprise.

THE ARTIST:

Hello doc! *(They shake hands.)* What's going on with you? *(Looks at him carefully.)*

THE DOCTOR:

Our beloved psychiatrist has been shoved "in a laundry machine." Mother-daughter setting, straight on to spin.  
*(He laughs.)*

THE ARTIST:

*(Worried.)* Killing yourself on your goddamned job again.  
How long do you think you can go on like this?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Shrugs his shoulders.)* Want some coffee?

THE ARTIST:

Yes. But not here. The air is too heavy here. I came to ask you out, some place more cheerful.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Nods in agreement.)* That's a good idea. I really need to get out of here right now. *(He speaks to the doctor.)*  
Would you like to join us, doctor?

THE DOCTOR:

No. I have to wait for some people. I made a promise.

THE ARTIST:

Are we going or not? Or maybe you have your mind set on dropping dead right here?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Let's go! See you, doc...



THE DOCTOR:

See you. Have one for me!

*The three of them smile. The artist and the psychiatrist walk out.*

END OF SCENE FOUR



## **SCENE 5**



*The same bar as before. The snitch is standing next to the counter and staring at the artist and the psychiatrist, who are sitting at the same place as in scene two. After looking at them meaningfully for some time, he walks toward them, never letting them out of sight. When he approaches their table, the two friends turn and look at him with surprise. The man whom they call a snitch sits on one of the empty chairs without saying a word, then places his flashy, shiny sunglasses on the table.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(With resignation.)* Do we know each other?

THE SNITCH:

*(With a provocative tone in his voice.)* I've been wondering the same thing myself: are we supposed to know each other?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I don't get what you're saying. But I'm also wondering whether we're supposed to know each other.

THE SNITCH:

You're a smart one, aren't you, buddy? Are you trying to cause trouble?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What kind of trouble do you have in mind? I still don't get what you're saying.

THE SNITCH:

Don't play smart with me, boy. An intellectual? Pfffff.. Now, let's hear you say, what's your business with those two guys? The ones you kept looking at. You kept looking at them, too! (*Threateningly waves his finger at the artist.*) I saw you looking at them!

*The artist and the psychiatrist exchange brief looks, barely managing not to laugh.*

THE ARTIST:

(*With a soft voice, calculated and full of irony.*) Ah...! You mean those tough guys...?! Well, this is the thing... I'm an artist, so I observed them in an.... artistic way. There were a lot of details, ornaments on them. Yes, I'm sure that was the thing which drew my attention. (*He thinks for a moment then smiles mockingly.*) Yes, that's it, that's my reason. But... (*He looks at his friend, then the so-called snitch, with a significant look.*) I wonder why my friend was looking at them. And also... how, what he was thinking about them, I would really like to know that. Did you know... he's a psychiatrist!

THE SNITCH:

(*After the artist's last words he leans back in confusion, toward the back of his chair, then quickly pulls himself together and asks a question*) Psychiatrist? A doctor?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Briefly nods in confirmation, all the time calmly looking the snitch straight in the eyes.)* Does it make a difference what I do, when answering the questions you've asked me?

THE SNITCH:

*(For a while he's quiet, confused and trying to think.)* I don't understand... But it doesn't matter now. What matters is that you're not one of "those", the ones that cause trouble here.

THE ARTIST:

Trouble? Here? So, there are "those" kind of people here, and the two of us look like "them", but we're not "that kind" of people?! Pffff... *(Exhales.)* It must be a tough job, mister, looking for "those" people, right?

THE SNITCH:

Listen to him, acting all smart again, making funny jokes!?! *(He speaks to the psychiatrist with mockery.)* That's them intellectuals for you. Talk a lot, ask for a lot, nothing's good enough for them, but nothing's worth their peace of mind either. All talk, but when it comes to putting your neck on the line... Bring out the likes of me. Let us get killed, and... still we're no good!?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

And what do you do, sir? We've told you who and what we are, but what about you? Or is that a secret? Like everything else these days.

THE SNITCH:

I do the kind of job that you don't ask questions about or give explanations for. Let us say that I'm one of those people who keep vigil while the rest of you sleep, one of those people who, above all, have the safety of others on their mind before their own... That's all there is to it. But... Doctor, I have to ask you something, it's stuck in my mind, this question... You must have a lot of work to do lately. These times... it's like they have an effect on people. Making all of us a little bit crazy...

*At that moment the bar door opens with a crash and three people walk in making a lot of noise. One of them, wearing an expensive suit, waves his hands in the air to the beat of the music while two gypsy boys playing their instruments follow close behind him. All the people at the bar are focused on them and the noise they're making, smiling and watching them dance. Some of the customers make remarks. After a while the man in the suit pays the gypsy boys. They leave while the man stays behind, talking to the bartender and the nearest customers who obviously know him.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Maybe you're right?! (*The three of them smile.*)

THE ARTIST:

But is it possible that someone is making a profit out of this general madness? I think it is. For example, people



like this businessman who just walked in. He and the likes of him have made a lot of money lately, and in a very short time. And you (*addressing the snitch*), as far as I understand, you maintain safety. Are you saying that you do that in bars, like this one, for example?

THE SNITCH:

Anytime, anywhere. All for the country! We're always awake. We have to keep the peace, night and day. There's no laying down on the job!

THE ARTIST:

Order is what matters most, I'm sure. There was a time... (*He stops to think, but with visible mockery.*) I can remember this well, when there were a lot of queues. Queues, queues... For bread, milk... I hear we'll have them again. (*Pause. The snitch gives him a sharp look, the psychiatrist a worried one.*) I'm just kidding. My mind is wandering off to other, unimportant matters. What matters most is to protect the government, that's for sure. As you say, the enemy is everywhere, you can read that in the papers! External too, but mostly internal enemies?!

THE SNITCH:

We have them, yeah, and a lot of them, too... The political situation is very bad. We have to handle that first, then everything will come to order here, then we'll really prosper and grow. But we have to get rid of the enemy first.

THE ARTIST:

And here I was, thinking all along that these robberies, murders, threats and embezzlements which have multiplied lately were in your field of work?

THE SNITCH:

Nope. That's where everyone is mistaken when it comes to our role. All those things are "secondary", solved in a second! But, after we achieve political balance... (*He stops talking and quickly gets up.*) I have to leave you now, gentlemen. Doctor, it was an honor. And as for you (*he turns to the artist.*), watch your tongue! Not all of "my people" are like me. One of them might get the idea...

THE ARTIST:

That I'm the enemy?

*The so called snitch shakes his finger at him in warning, then waves his hand in resignation and walks out, winking at the waitress as he goes, while she walks him out and gives him a hug.*

END OF SCENE FIVE

## **SCENE 6**



*A room. In it we see two chairs, a sofa, a little table with a phone on it, a record-player on another table and a door next to the first table. There's no one in the room. We hear the sound of two excited female voices, talking fast and making a lot of noise. Suddenly the door opens with a bang and the mother and daughter walk in, then stop, facing each other and continuing the conversation from before.*

THE MOTHER:

You will call him! Call him again! You have to! But... yes. Right now, I tell you!!

SARAH:

But... I've already called him two hundred times today. And yesterday, and the day before... Like I've been calling him every day for the past months. And... nothing!?

THE MOTHER:

You have to be persistent, my child. Call him a million times if you have to. That's the way! That's the way! That's the only way to do it! He'll be your husband, and my son-in-law... Son-in-law, aaaaah! My little son-in-law!... Such a pretty little son-in-law. And a doctor, too... our own, sweet. We'll cuddle him, and hold him, he'll go to bed... so... Go and call him right now, girl!

SARAH:

*(Looks at her mother straight in the eyes.)* Why are you so persistent, mother, dear? Could it be that you like him too? In that way?

THE MOTHER:

What a silly question, my child. What a silly question! How could you even think I would want to steal your man? To love the one you love? What a silly question, girl. What a silly quest...

SARAH:

*(Interrupts her, sharply pointing her finger at the mother.)* You've always shown a lot of interest in my boyfriends. You've always wanted to know all about them, and be the one that decides who was good enough for me and who wasn't. But *(Turns away, thinking)* I've never seen you looking like this. So... excited, so very... exultant... on fire. Yes! You are on fire, mother dear! You seem to be on fire! Out of control. *(Thinks for a moment, remembering.)* You've been out of control before, several times, in that way... like that. You know like what. But not like this. No, upset, in fear... that kind of fear. Terrible, nights and days full of nightmares... and hospitals and doctors. And all you could speak about was my father. You spoke of him with the ugliest words, cursing and swearing. And even when you heard those voices around you, locked inside the house, in the room with me, you spoke about him... and men in general. On fire... but you were burning

with hatred then. Such enormous, huge, endless hatred it was... and it spread toward all other peop...

THE MOTHER:

*(By now visibly disturbed, interrupts her.)* Enough! Enough of this! Do not remind me of those times. What's the use of that now?! You have other things to think about now. You have to focus on finally catching this man. Getting him! Making him yours. Yours alone! And as for me liking him? Well... I like him because of you. I'm thinking of your well being, yes! I only think of you now. You're all I have. I don't want to lose you! I don't want to lose you, my sweet daughter. *(She cries.)* I've lost everything. Everything! You're the only thing I have left. Sweet, darling. My baby. *(She caresses her, placing Sarah's head on her chest.)* My beauty! *(She releases her, kneels in front of her and begins to cry loudly.)* Don't you abandon me, too! Don't abandon me... Aaaaahh! *(She lays her head on her daughter's lap, who is also on her knees now.)*

SARAH:

Mummy! Mummy! Don't cry! I'll take care of you. I'll look after you. I have been looking after you, haven't I, for years now? Ever since it happened for the first time. Remember? After my father left...

THE MOTHER:

*(She quickly raises her head, wipes away her tears and jumps to her feet in anger.)* He didn't leave! I sent him

away. I sent him away!! (*She grinds her teeth and squeezes her fists. Her face swells with the sudden surge of rage and hatred.*) He, he... He wasn't a man! He wasn't a real man! He wasn't a real man... Not even close to what I wanted. And he couldn't even answer my needs, couldn't please me. He.. he couldn't satisfy me at all! Because... I was a princess, and him... he was a loser. He didn't deserve my greatness. My splendid beauty and my uniqueness... He was a loser. A small, no-good loser. I kept telling him that... Ha, ha, ha...! (*She laughs looking at a spot in front of her, as if looking at someone who's standing there.*) You're a loser, you! Common! Ugly! Unsuccessful! In a single word, a loser! Good for nothing! Not even for doing it... Ha, ha, ha...! You! Do you have any idea, you jerk, what I am?! Eh?! Do you?! (*She straightens up, fixes her hair trying to make it look seductive.*) I am a woman. A woman! Heeey! Do you even know, you louse, how many men turn around to look at me when I walk down the street?! Almost all of them! And... I walk like this. (*She lifts her skirt with both hands, swings her hips and continues to walk, swinging them passionately. She walks along the room, parading around her daughter, who in the meantime lies down on the floor in the fetal position, quietly sobbing and covering her face with her hands. The mother continues to walk without noticing her daughter's condition even for a moment.*) I'm a beauty, and you're a loser! I'm a beauty, and you're a loser! I'm a beauty, and you... I'm the most beautiful. Me... Me. Me!! (*She slams her feet harder and*



*harder on the floor, while the daughter is rolling on it, crawling toward one corner of the room. The scene continues for some time. Then the mother stops, her eyes fixed on the imaginary spot. Looking at it, she walks toward the door, slowly, but with determination. She opens the door and suddenly shouts) Out!! Out!! Get out of here! You don't belong in this house. Get lost! Get lost! (She pushes the imaginary person through the door, then closes it and turns back victoriously, looking for her daughter. She sees her in the corner, swinging back and forward, hugging a cushion across her stomach with both hands.) I sent him away! I sent him away for good!! He didn't deserve me... And he begged me not to do it. For your sake, he said. It was important because of you and the family, he said... us staying together. Ha, ha, ha...! What do we need him for? Of what use is he to us, the way he was? We have each other, we don't need anyone else, right? Isn't that right, my girl? My darling, honey?! (The daughter is curled up in the fetal position again, in the corner of the room, squeezing the cushion, with her face buried in it. We hear loud sobs.) Daughter! Honey! (The mother approaches the daughter, hugs her gently and whispers in her ear.) Don't you worry about a thing. I'm here. Me! I'm the only one who knows what's good for you. For us. For me... For you! For you! I know what will bring you happiness. Look! Look what I've made for you! (She steps out of the room and comes back after a moment carrying a big cake.) See what I've made for you! Just for you! Just for you! (She places the cake in*

*front of Sarah, gets down on her knees, and begins to feed her. Sarah looks into her eyes, opens her mouth and begins to eat. The mother shoves pieces of the cake inside Sarah's mouth, while she quickly swallows and slobbers.)* It's just for you. The best... I always make the best cakes for you. Don't I, daughter? Don't I, you know what lovely meals I make, just for you, just for you!

*She keeps feeding her, stuffing pieces of the cake inside her mouth, while Sarah swallows in silence. This continues for a long time, then Sarah suddenly jumps to her feet, her lips smudged, her eyes shining brightly.*

SARAH:

Eat! I have to eat! I must feed this child I'm carrying inside me. Yes... That's what I need to do. *(She steps out of the room, then quickly comes back carrying a plate full of food. She eats quickly as she goes, pieces of food falling all around her.)* I have to eat. Ooooo! Mmmh... mmmh... *(She eats.)* I'm pregnant. And all pregnant women eat a lot. Mmmh...

THE MOTHER:

That's it, my daughter. That's it.. My sweet. Beauty! And... then you'll call him, right?

SARAH:

Mmmh... mmmh... I have to call him... mmmh... He has to take me... Has to take me... This child that I'm feeding now, it was conceived with him!

THE MOTHER:

That's right, my girl. My sweet. Darling!... He can't just deny it like that... Not possible!? It wasn't possible, dear God, just because it was conceived in the mind!? Ppfff... What kind of an explanation is that? Anything is possible these days, my girl. Anything is possible these days!... Look at all the things that are accepted to be true, why shouldn't this be? As for him... he'll accept this child of yours, and you with it, of course. Because he has to accept it. He has to, because he has morals. He has morals... Big morals. How could he, imagine this, him that has to look after the wellbeing of others, how could he not care for you?! Not care, while you suffer? Not feel any guilt? Guilty conscience... Heeey... heh, heh, heh! That's going to be his trap! We'll open it for him and hop!... Wham! He'll fall into it, because he'll feel guilty. Guilty, even though he isn't! Heh, heh, heh... All of them, the likes of him, they're all the same. They always fall into the same old trap. A guilty conscience... And then we've got them! Heh, heh... They belong to us. It's so easy to trap them. To own them (*She caresses her daughter.*) Caring for others. Responsibility. And... wham! Heh, heh, heh... (*She begins to clap her hands and dance to the beat. The daughter continues to eat, looking at the mother with a blank expression on her face.*) Wham... wham... wham...! And we have a wedding! We'll be dancing at your wedding! Like this.. (*She plays some loud music on the radio and starts to dance. The daughter stops eating and looks at the mother, first with amazement, and then, thrilled, she stands up and walks over to the telephone.*)

SARAH:

I'll call him. I'll call him right now!... But, no... (*She goes back.*) No, I've already called him so many times... But, yes! (*Walks to the phone again.*) Yes. Yes. Call him. (*She takes the receiver off the hook, but suddenly puts it back.*) No, no... Aaahh! (*She sits on the chair next to the phone, curling up into a bundle.*) I don't know. I don't know... (*She starts to cry, sobbing loudly.*)

THE MOTHER:

(*Stops her dancing, turns off the radio and quickly approaches her daughter.*) Call him! Right now!! Right now, I tell you! Or else...! (*She shouts in her daughter's face.*) Or I'll destroy you. Me! (*She screams, shaking her by the shoulders.*) You'll do what I say or you'll be gone! Do you understand?! You'll disappear, just like all the others who stood up against me! They stood up against me? Me?! I... (*Suffocating in the sudden surge of anger, she suddenly kicks the plate of food which was left on the floor and it brakes against the wall with a loud crash.*) I destroy all those in my life who stand up against me! All of them!! It's my way or no way! Do you get that?!

SARAH:

(*She looks at the mother with a blank expression.*) I have to. I have to call right now. Him, he's my last hope. Him... and my dreams. My fantasies. And... (*A wide, happy smile appears on her face.*) My power. Yes! The telepathic power! Yes!... I... I have unlimited power

to get whatever I want. With telepathy... yes, with my brain waves. Yes, yes... My thoughts. I can do whatever I want with their help. Isn't that so, mother?! (*She turns toward her mother.*)

THE MOTHER:

(*She sighs with content.*) That's right, that's right. My darling daughter. My precious.

SARAH:

I cured you with my thoughts. Didn't I, mother?

THE MOTHER:

You sure did, you sure did. You made me healthy, my sweet and only daughter. My sunshine! You're my other me!

SARAH:

Remember, all those nights when you were afraid? When you used to hear all those voices? When you had nightmares? Me. It was me that cured you from the other room, sending my thoughts through the wall. You became well after that, and that's when I knew the strength of the power I have inside my mind.

THE MOTHER:

That's right, girl. That's right. It's only because of you that I'm healthy right now. This is what I am like now, healthy and strong. Heh, heh, heh... But you must call him! Don't you forget that! Do it now, right now!

SARAH:

*(Stands up with determination, walks to the telephone, picks up the receiver and dials.)* Hello, doctor! It's me. Sarah... What, no?!... I should be getting treatment?!... *(She turns toward the mother. She shakes her head.)* No, I don't need to be in therapy. You're the one that has to understand that I'm carrying your child. Your child! I'll come to you... No?! We'll see about that! We'll see! Besides... what's yours is mine, now. I'll come to you, and since your place is ours now I'll come to our place... What are you talking about?! You watch your tongue! You got me pregnant, and now you're running away. There's no running away now... What?... I'll show you, I'll tell everyone about you. I'll even go to the newspapers. So they can write what sort of a doctor you are, what sort of a psychiatrist. Going to bed with your patients and... You listen to me! Don't you talk about my father! He doesn't exist! Get it?! He doesn't exist! I don't want to see him... You listen! I'll come over there, I'll wear my nice clothes. You've seen nothing yet, I'm such a beauty. And... I can please you so well, satisfy you *(She speaks with lust.)*, I'll... *(She turns toward the mother, placing the receiver back on the hook.)* He hung up on me. He said he had no reason to speak to me anymore. That he made his recommendations and...

THE MOTHER:

*(Quickly interrupts her.)* Call him back. Right now!

SARAH:

*(Picks up the receiver again and dials.)* Hello, it's Sarah again... *(She helplessly turns toward the mother again.)* He hung up again.

THE MOTHER:

Call him back. Again and again! You'll only make it if you go all the way. He must give in. He must! He won't make it, the likes of him always give in in the end.

SARAH:

He spoke of my father. He said he had phoned him. Because you can't understand the situation anymore. That my father is the only one who can help now, if he wants to.

THE MOTHER:

*(Becomes extremely agitated and angry.)* Your father? What father, what is this nonsense!?! That loser doesn't exist anymore. For good! Do you understand that or not?! He's going to understand it, too!

SARAH:

That's exactly what I said, but...

THE MOTHER:

*(Quickly interrupts her.)* Make the call! Call him back! Do you hear what I'm saying, or...?!

SARAH:

I'll do it, right now. (*She obediently picks up the receiver and dials the same numbers again. After unsuccessfully trying for a while, she helplessly turns toward the mother.*) He's not answering.

THE MOTHER:

What? He can't do that! How dare he not answer?! Give me the phone, please. I'll call him. (*She pulls the receiver out of her daughter's hand and begins to dial the numbers with agitation.*) He can't do this to me... to us... to you... Him, he's another loser. I'll show him. You'll see. I'll show him... (*She keeps dialing. After a while.*) Ah, there. There, I've got him... Hello, doctor! (*She begins to talk more slowly, her voice dolled out.*) Is that the doctor, the psychiatrist? Is that you speaking?... Ah! This is the mother of a patient of yours, the poor thing... Sarah, perhaps you can remember whom I'm referring to?.. Ah, is that so? She calls you every day?... Every hour?... Several times? (*She turns toward the daughter. She winks at her, still holding the receiver.*) Ah, doctor. But, she's ill. She's really ill, like you said. I agree with you, she needs a psychiatrist. But... you're the only one who can help her. You're the only one she needs... Yes, yes... That's what I meant, as a professional. That is why I'm asking you to see her again. To help her, our... But, you must do it, doctor. You have to help your patients when they're not well. You have to



take care of others. Because of your morals! Remember the oath you gave... The Hippocratic oath! You swore an oath and you must never break it... What? This is in accordance with it? With your responsibility? To recommend someone else?.. In this case you should make an exception. But Sarah is our child. You know that! Our child! We have to take care of her. What? You don't have any more time? You've already told me everything you had to say? But... you can't do this, doctor! At least come and see us. See our home. We'll be at your service. Heh, heh, heh... We'll provide you with everything you need... *(She winks at her daughter.)* You won't do it? You won't do it?... Now, listen you!! Who do you think you are!! *(Suddenly, she becomes extremely agitated, her face turns red.)* You think you're something special?! You think there's no one else like you in the entire world?! There's lots of them, lots, courting my little girl, and you... *(At that moment she stops, pulls away from the receiver and turns toward her daughter with an amazed look on her face.)* He hung up... He hung up on me? Him, doing this to me?!... I'll show him! I'll show him who I am!! I wonder... do you think he might be gay, eh?! *(At that moment the mother and the daughter burst out laughing.)* Come on, you take this receiver. Call him constantly. Every minute if you have to! Until he agrees to talk to you. And... let him know we'll come to see him, both of us, at his place. Ha, ha, ha...!

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*She leaves the room. The daughter joyfully sits next to the phone and begins to dial. After not being able to get through, she tries again. After several unsuccessful attempts, she stands up, walks over to the record player, takes out a record and places it inside it. After a moment, the sounds of Ravel's "Bolero" spread throughout the room. Sarah returns to the chair next to the telephone with a smile on her face, and begins to dial again. Swinging her legs in the beat of the music, she keeps dialing on and on, every time without success.*

END OF SCENE SIX

## **PLAY 2**



*An empty street. Night. The same boys, the two street bullies, are walking down it. They come to a parked car, with no one in it. One of them gets down on his knees and places something underneath the car. Both of them quickly leave the scene, then they start to run, and they keep running until they disappear behind the corner at the end of the street. We hear a loud explosion.*



## **SCENE 7**





*The same bar, at night. The artist and the psychiatrist are sitting at the same table, while at the counter, standing next to some other people, is the businessman (the same one from scene five.) He continuously looks at the artist and the psychiatrist until his eyes meet with those of the artist. At that moment the businessman steps away from the counter and, swaying slightly as he walks, approaches the two friends with a smile on his face.*

THE ARTIST:

*(Loud enough for the businessman to hear him.)* Here we go again. Why don't they just leave us alone!

THE BUSINESSMAN:

Sure, sure! You intellectual pain-in-the-ass. Look at what you've become, and the things you do. *(He sits on the empty chair and leaves his cell-phone on the table. He's looking at the artist.)* You're only good at criticizing. This is no good, that's no good, this is the way to do things... no, this is how things are over there... you're everywhere except where you should be. Then you go...I don't have any money. Please, you'll say then, mister highly respectable businessman, give me some money. I don't have any, and you see, I need it right now. Finance me for this, please, and for that, have faith in

me, it will be worth your while and... and so on! Tell you what (*He looks around as if he's about to say something.*) I see you've been put under surveillance, and so has your doctor friend, on the count of you. Poor doctor, you have to listen to the likes of him, too!? Heh, heh, heh...(*He laughs at his own words.*) Be careful with the likes of him, doctor, in the end they'll get you into trouble, them and their big mouths. They're the most dangerous kind, all talk, but when it comes to putting their ass on the line... not a sign of them! That's when they take up a so-called "critical distance", or in other words "save your own ass", with the unavoidable "fuck you... I'm with these guys now". Because I'm getting what I wanted, they pay me to keep my mouth shut and...

THE ARTIST:

(*Interrupts him with anger.*) Enough! We've heard enough! Let us finish our drinks in peace, while we have a nice conversation instead of listening to you and your rude talk. You've been the same since high school, you haven't changed a bit.

THE BUSINESSMAN:

Well, buddy, if you're referring to the fact that I didn't go to university like you and this gentleman here, then I can tell you that it's not my fault that you guys wasted your life on nonsense, and on the way developed such envy towards my kind, the successful kind. I'm suc-

cessful, my friend, and there you have it... You can turn green with envy if you like, but I know how to do my job, how to make money, and I sure as hell know how to live. (He *turns toward the counter.*) Girl! (*To the waitress.*) Girl! Bring everyone in the bar whatever they're drinking, especially these gentlemen at this table here. And... please, as usual, it's on me. I always pay my bills, and sometimes those of others, heh, heh...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

You don't have to trouble yourself with ours, sir. We'll be leaving shortly, anyway...

THE BUSINESSMAN:

(*Interrupts him.*) Please, doctor. It would be an honor, I've heard so much about you. Never mind our jokes with the maestro, we've been playing them on each other for a long time, ever since high school. He was the more successful one then, I have to admit that. Especially... it's not easy for me to say it, but, with the crowd and with girls. But now I'm way above him, in every way. Here, all I have to do is this! (*He takes his cell-phone in one hand and dials some numbers, winking at the psychiatrist as he does.*) Hello, buddy! How're you doing? Got anything special for me? As always? Yes, two at a time, as usual! A blond and a brunette, but nothing older than eighteen, nineteen... Yeah, something young, still smelling of milk. I'll be on location in one hour, send them over there. (*He disconnects the*

*phone.*) There, that's done. And you (*Speaks to the artist*)? What do you say to that, eh?

THE ARTIST:

I can't believe all this dirt, everywhere around us. And we, the people, have to repress it inside us, and pretend it doesn't exist!

THE BUSINESSMAN:

You'll repress it, buddy, you bet you'll repress it! And you know why, buddy? Because you don't have these (*He grabs his testicles.*), get it? All you have is fear! And your fear is big, huge. You're afraid, buddy, and there's no running away from it! Your friend here can tell you all about fear. (*He points at the psychiatrist.*)

THE ARTIST:

It's not fear, you moron, it's morality!

THE BUSINESSMAN:

(*Laughs.*) Heh, heh, heh... It's fear and you know it, you just won't admit it! And it's not just your fear, it's all around, everyone's. It's been alive for a long time and... buddy, it has nothing to do with morality! No, it's all about... (*He grabs his testicles again. Then he turns toward the counter and shouts.*) You, girly. Are you bringing those drinks or not? Don't mess with me! Don't you know who I am?

THE WAITRESS:

*(Comes running with the drinks and quickly leaves them on the table.)* Here you go, please, I'm sorry. I'm doing my best...

THE BUSINESSMAN:

Come, come... *(He hugs her and squeezes her around the waist)* Make sure it doesn't happen again.

THE WAITRESS:

I'm sorry once again, please... *(Walks away, slightly swaying as she goes.)*

THE ARTIST:

There, that's your brave new world...

THE BUSINESSMAN:

*(Finishes his drink in one gulp and gets up from the table.)* Gentleman, I'm leaving you. I have hard and heavy work to do, but full of pleasures! Heh, heh... My regards. *(He turns away and leaves, saying good-bye to the other people in the bar along the way.)*

THE ARTIST:

What an idiot! A moron!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

But it seems he's right about certain things. What do you think?

THE ARTIST:

What do I think? About his kind?... (*He looks repulsed.*) I've been hoping for such a long time. Expecting changes around me!?... I believed, with all my being, that finally, some positive changes were about to take place here. That once and for all we'd leave the past behind us and the present would give birth to the future... That, finally, a generation of new people had come, people well educated and free of the traditional feeling of inferiority, free from the destiny of being losers... free of narrow-mindedness and petty selfishness. Free of the ancient "...may my neighbor's house burn down..." I believed that it was the time of generations who could see the true values, who would want to and who could create. Together and happy making a new history!... In the name of creation and progress!? Forward with creativity... so all of us can rejoice, for our children! And them..., they couldn't wait to follow the golden calf. And they just want it for themselves, just for themselves!? What about all the others? They can go to hell. They should disappear, make way!! And... they do disappear, for real. In every possible way. (*He stops. The two friends finish their coffee, leaving aside the drinks which the businessman ordered for them. Both of them are quiet and thinking for a while, then the artist continues.*) There, that's my real truth, here and now, about the ideals I used to have. I don't have them any more! Man, we don't have any ideals left!? I guess the only thing we've got left is illusions, and their cheap playing

out in front of an audience with degraded criteria about creative values... And I'm a maker, I don't want to lose my creativity. I've come to a point... If I keep going in this direction which is forced on me by society, I'll lose my creation, and myself with it!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What are you going to do? Run away like everyone else has done? Go abroad?

THE ARTIST:

I have to think about that possibility, what else have I got left?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What if it doesn't work out? What then?

THE ARTIST:

I'll just lock myself up inside. Isolate myself. I'll create, and keep contacts with this environment to the minimum. Or put an end to them all together!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Like so many others I know.

THE ARTIST:

Like all the others around here who've decided to protect themselves. By turning into hermits... People of the shadows, wearing masks... People of the sun hiding from

it in order not to get killed in confrontation with others. This way they're silenced, but they also survive... And if they manage to get away and reach the right place... their voices ring out there, far away...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

And they stay there forever?!

THE ARTIST:

Yes. But in any case it's a lot better for them over there.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Sighs heavily.)* Aaahhh... We've lost so many man for good! Real, extraordinary artists, yes... *(He's silent, thinking.)*

THE ARTIST:

*(After a short pause.)* They were run out... They got in the way... *(Another pause.)* And you? What are you going to do?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I don't know. I can't make that decision yet. I've been trying to build something here for such a long time...

THE ARTIST:

*(Interrupts him.)* Build what, man?! Look at you, have you seen yourself in the mirror lately?... Creation?! What you used to do before, that was really creating. Origi-



nal creation. And that's what made you different from others, "genuine". This stuff now?... Is that creation?! You'll never convince me. Look at you, I'm telling you, see what you've turned into!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I have been looking at myself lately...

THE ARTIST:

And what do you see?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

You're right... I'm not the same. *(He stops. A long pause.)*

THE ARTIST:

So?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Speaks slowly, staring at a spot in front of him.)* I'll have to see the whole picture. Inside myself. *(Pause.)* There's too many... Too many things developing.. Things that have happened and things that will happen.

THE ARTIST:

*(Becomes worried.)* Will you make it?... You have to!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Smiles a sad smile.)* The only thing we have to do is die, the saying goes.

THE ARTIST:

Around here, we're used to dying all the time. Very often, we even long for death... I hope that's not your case?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Something, definitely, will have to die. (*He turns toward the waitress.*) The bill, please.

*The waitress brings the bill. The psychiatrist pays, then the two friends leave the bar. Some time after they leave, the door opens suddenly with a loud crash. Five tall, strong men burst in: two of them are the thugs who were in the bar before, talking to the waitress. All five of them take out baseball-bats from under their coats and start to break everything around them. We hear a lot of noise, the screaming of the frightened customers. The five men pay no attention to them; instead they finish demolishing the place then leave the bar with smiles on their faces.*

END OF SCENE SEVEN

# **PLAY 3**



*Night. The gate to the courtyard of the doctor's office opens. The office is closed, all the lights are out. We see the outline of a woman entering the courtyard and stopping in front of the door. She takes out a glass bottle from under her arm, kneels down and shoves the bottle under her skirt. She begins to masturbate with a lot of passion, reaching an orgasm. She remains in that position for some time. After a while we hear the sound of urinating inside the bottle. Suddenly, the woman stands up, leaves the bottle in front of the office door and walks out of the courtyard. The pale light of the streetlight reveals the face of the mother.*



## **SCENE 8**





## PART ONE

*A waiting room inside the police station. The space is divided in two by a counter. The counter is closed off with a glass panel all the way to the ceiling, with only a small opening through which it is possible to communicate. There are two doors on one side of the room: one of them leads out and the other one toward the inside of the building. There's also a window facing outside, and two benches. One of them is empty, while the other one is occupied by two boys (street kids.) They sit slouching down, their hands in their laps, they're looking at the floor. In the other, enclosed, part of the room, we see two policemen. One of them is sitting behind a desk and talking over the phone while the other one is taking some papers out of a filing cabinet next to the desk. After a while, the outside door opens and the psychiatrist enters. He slowly closes the door behind him and carefully looks around. After closing the door, he walks toward the counter while looking at the two policemen behind it. He stops in front of it and waits for one of the two policemen to notice him. A lot of time goes by before the first policeman finishes his conversation, then he writes something in his notebook. But the phone rings again, the first policeman answers and has another brief conversation. He hangs up the re-*

*ceiver again, quickly writes some more in his notebook, then turns toward the psychiatrist with a serious look on his face.*

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

How may I help you?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Good afternoon. I would like to report a case. I suppose I'll have to speak to one of your inspectors.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

State your business... The inspector is out at the moment. You have to report it here first.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Explains carefully.)* This is a specific case... You see, I'm a doctor, a psychiatrist. Things like this can happen in my line of work, a patient stalking his psychiatrist. That is the situation in this case which I'm reporting. A patient of mine and her mother are involved. They have... how can I explain this, a pathological fixation with me. They call my office every day, they keep the phone lines busy all the time... They make sudden and unannounced visits, behaving in a disorderly manner, making unpleasant scenes in front of the people who are present. My colleague, whom I share the space with, and I, we can no longer do our work as usual. Lately... they've begun to address all sorts of threats at me. And the last time they did the same to my colleague while

he was trying to reason with them. These things, I speak from experience, are a serious sign that the situation needs to be controlled through legal channels. You see... I remember when several years ago, a colleague of mine was attacked by an individual suffering from a similar sort of mental disorder, who threw acid in his face and... Another colleague of mine was stalked for a long time by a patient of his who was threatening to kill him... You know as well as I do that violence and murders of this sort have been known to happen...

THE SECOND POLICEMAN:

*(While the psychiatrist talks, he stops filing the papers, turns toward him and looks at him with a lot of attention.)* Doctor. Have we met before?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Stops talking when he hears this, looks at the second policeman and thinks. He smiles, recognizing him.)* Yes. You were the local policeman in my neighborhood, in those days... Around that bar, "The small beer"?! You know, since we name places according to the local bars.

THE SECOND POLICEMAN:

*(He also remembers.)* Oh, yes! Sure I remember? Is that you, doctor?... I remember, I had some problems with my lodging, at the time... I told you about it... The salaries were small, I had a family, no place of my own... Things are good now!... But, what were you saying, you're having some problems?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Cuts in.)* What is her name? Where does she live?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Confused.)* But... I don't know whether you know her. Actually, I think she lives in the north quarter.. Her name is Sarah, if that tells you something?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Hmmm... *(Thinks out loud.)* Nope! That's not the one. *(He turns to the other policeman)* You know, I thought it might be that one. You know which, don't you? *(He turns to the doctor again.)* We have other cases like yours. Like the one I was thinking of, also fell in love with her doctor. And.. heh, heh... in the end she wrecked his car *(Turns to the second policeman again.)* What about that other one... with that other doctor, she set his house on fire. Eh... No, she's not the one.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(His face turns pale.)* I don't know what else to say. I came to you for protection and legal help.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

These things happen. Especially to doctors like yourself. But you're not the only ones it happens to... I bet it's not easy for you. Here... I'll make a note here. *(He writes in the notebook in front of him.)*

THE SECOND POLICEMAN:

You'll have to speak to the inspector. Go through all the official channels. But... he's very busy. We've had a lot of cases lately, too many... he's always out in the field. Wait, I'll make a phone call, just to make sure. (*He picks up the receiver, dials, then waits for some time.*) No, he's not in his office. You'd better take a seat here in the waiting room and wait for him. He should be back soon... I guess, yes.

*The psychiatrist sits on the closest bench, across from the two men on the other bench; he's silent and looking at the floor. He looks at his watch briefly, checking the time. Then he exhales, turns to the window and stares at the ray of light coming from outside which falls at an angle on the opposite wall. He keeps looking at it for a while so that he doesn't notice when the door which leads to the inside of the building opens behind him. Two tall, strong men wearing jewelry walk in; it's the thugs from the bar. They briefly look around the room, wave at the policemen without saying a word, then turn to the two men who are sitting on the bench and watching their display. After the two thugs ask them to stand up, the other two men do so with a smile and sudden relief, they approach them and all four of them quickly leave the room. When the outside door opens, we see the snitch welcoming all four men, patting them on the backs.*

*Facing the window and looking at the ray of light, the psychiatrist doesn't notice anything that has been going on around him. Obviously he's completely enveloped in his own feelings, caused by the ray of light. It goes on for a long time, even after the outside door opens for a moment and a middle-aged man walks into the room. He quickly steps over to the counter and hurriedly exchanges some words with the two policemen who stand up and greet him. They carefully explain something to him, several times pointing at the notes on the desk. Then they point at the psychiatrist, who's still deep in his own thoughts and hasn't even noticed the third man. The man briefly turns around and looks at the psychiatrist, then brings the conversation with the policemen to an end, and walks over to him...*

THE MAN:

Good afternoon, doctor. I'm the inspector...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(He's startled, looks at the man with an absent look on his face.)* Ah... good afternoon. You're the inspector... Nice to meet you... *(They shake hands.)*

THE INSPECTOR:

My colleagues have briefly explained your case to me. But I'll have to write down certain facts. Please... follow me upstairs, to my office... Let's make it quick, please! I have a lot of work to do... Lots of phone calls... You

know how things are these days... (*They step through the inside door and then close it behind them. Darkness falls. End of part one.*)

## **PART TWO**

*The same room inside the police station. The waiting room is empty at the moment. There's no one sitting on the benches, the first policeman is the only one behind the counter, he's writing something in a notebook. The outside door opens after a while and the psychiatrist enters in a hurry. After closing the door, he walks over to the counter, looking tense.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Good afternoon.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Good afternoon.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'm sure you'll remember me, I'm the psychiatrist who reported the case with the patient... the one who's been stalking me... (*The policeman looks at him and thinks, trying to remember.*) It doesn't matter. (*He tries to explain briefly.*) I reported this case some time ago... I spoke with your inspector. But... the case hasn't been solved. More than two months went by since I reported

it and... nothing! In the meantime she and her mother have caused me even more trouble... I can't even do my job properly. I'm constantly under pressure, there's the phone calls,... their sudden violent break-ins into my office and...

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

What can I say? You'll have to wait for the inspector. He's very busy, always in the field...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Interrupts him.)* I know, I know. I'm aware of the fact that he's very busy... But this is a serious situation. There's a serious threat for myself, my family and my job... There must be some solution for a problem of this sort?... It's a part of your job, after all...!

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Please, doctor! Calm down, don't get so upset. Take a seat, over there *(He points to the benches.)* and wait for the inspector. I can't guarantee when or if he's going to arrive.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes, yes. He's very busy, I already know that.

*(He sits silently on one of the benches and once again begins to stare at the ray of light coming through the window. Darkness falls on the stage. End of part two.)*



### **PART THREE**

*The same waiting room at the police station The first policeman is behind the counter, there's no one on the benches. The psychiatrist walks in. He looks physically and mentally tired and exhausted. He walks toward the counter with a tired step.*

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Good afternoon.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Oh, doctor... It's you again? Good afternoon. Your case hasn't been solved yet?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Apparently not. I don't look rested or relaxed, do I?

THE POLICEMAN:

*(Smiles.)* Heh, heh. You sure don't. Are you looking for the inspector again?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Yes. I suppose he's absent, as always?

THE POLICEMAN:

What choice does he have? They called him..., for forensics. Break-ins, robberies, murders... More and more, every day.

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THE PSYCHIATRIST:

So waiting for him wouldn't make much sense?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Hmmm... maybe it would be best if you came by tomorrow. I think it's more likely that he'll be available then.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Resigned)* I understand. Thank you.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

You're welcome, doctor. Any time.

*The psychiatrist turns away, waving his hand, then walks toward the outside door. Before he reaches the door-handle, the policeman, who's been watching him with curiosity all along, suddenly speaks to him.*

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Doctor! *(The psychiatrist stops in surprise and turns toward the policeman.)* May I give you a word of advice?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Walks back to the policeman with a tired step and nods in confirmation.)* Go ahead. Please.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

I would just like to explain something... We could bring that person in, question her, inform her that she's breaking the law. And... that's all! She could tell us that she'll stop coming

to your place. We'll let her go and... she'll come to your place again, she'll continue with the phone calls and everything else... We could bring her in for another interview, tell her...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Interrupts him with irony.)* And, that's all?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

That's all! She's crazy. Crazy people belong in lunatic asylums, you know...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Interrupts him again.)* I know that better than you! But she's not in a lunatic asylum, as you call it. And neither is her mother.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

That's right. They're not.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

We can make a clear assumption that they're capable of hurting me, of committing a crime against me. Me or someone else in my family.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Well, in that case they'll have to answer for it. They'll be charged for a crime.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Then they'll have to answer?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Yes. But... the two of them are crazy and...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Continues the sentence.)* Crazy people, as you call them, are usually not responsible for their acts. And what can I do to prevent these things from happening? Them and their kind could commit a crime at any time, they could hurt someone or destroy something. You said so yourself, doctors aren't the only ones these things happen to... Don't you consider this "case" to be serious enough?!

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Shrugs his shoulders.)* They're crazy. They belong in a lunatic asylum. This is out of our jurisdiction, until...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I understand what you're saying. Thank you. *(The psychiatrist turns around and walks toward the exit, but then suddenly stops and walks back to the policeman one more time.)* Excuse me! May I ask you one more thing?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Yes. doctor. How may I help you?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I wonder, what would your answer be to this question I have for you. But I have to ask you to give me an honest answer. Let's keep all of this just... between the two of us, off the record... You know what I mean?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Go ahead and ask anything you want to know, doctor. I'll do my best to answer... ha...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

You know, I wonder, how you would react in this imaginary situation.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

What kind of a situation are we talking about?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Let's imagine this: Let us say that you are being persecuted by some individual. Let's suppose...

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Immediately reacts by interrupting the psychiatrist.)*  
Me? Heh, heh, heh...! Let's get real, doctor! Someone persecuting me?!...Ha, ha, ha! What sort of a fool would do something like that?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I said, let's imagine a situation like that... What would you do in that case?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Well... doctor! I can't even imagine it happening. Me? Someone persecuting me? Threatening me? That... I wouldn't recommend it to the devil himself. Heh, heh... Someone persecuting me? What would I do? You know

what I would do! He wouldn't even think of hurting a fly after I was done. There's only one thing to do in these cases! This is the Balkans, my friend. Survival of the fittest! No one can do that to me...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Or if someone did that to your child? I know of a lot of cases where children are being threatened, stalked. They can't leave the house day or night. The parents are powerless, unable to protect their own children. Can you imagine a situation in which you're that parent?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Who? Someone stalking my child? Threatening my child? My child?!... Listen! I'd blow his brains out! In a minute!! I wouldn't even wait for two seconds!... Someone laying a hand on my child?! I'd erase him from the face of the earth! Mother f...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

But let us suppose for a moment that you were a doctor, or an intellectual... Any kind of intellectual, it doesn't make a difference!...

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Hmmm...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

You've been brought up well, not to hurt anyone, to care for others. You always made an effort to do better,

at school, as a student... You believed that if you studied hard, became a doctor and had consideration for others, always at their service, then you would achieve the highest values and goals in life. That this was the way to deserve the respect of others, and being a good citizen you would deserve the protection of society... And then, you would have children and raise them in the same way. To restrain themselves from uncontrolled reactions which could upset others... or cause them harm, God forbid! To respect the laws, to pay taxes to the state, to love the country they live in. To give their lives, if necessary, only because you believed that to be the truth!?... You believe that it's worth to sacrifice your freedom, to repress your anger, rage and discontent... in the name of respect for others, for the laws and principles which are the basis of life within society. (*Pause.*) Just, imagine you were that kind of a man!

#### THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Me?! That kind of a man? I have to imagine that?... Doctor, you're making things too complicated for me! But OK, let's say I'm that man, then what...?

#### THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Then, someone begins to threaten you, to persecute you... Your children are no longer safe, you keep them locked up inside the house. Your aging parents can't sleep peacefully at night because they're worried for you, the constant phone-calls keep them up all night. You start to worry..., for your children, your family, your parents. For

your job and your future in general. The threats become constant, you get them everyday, with sudden visits which make you feel upset, insecure. You're overwhelmed by stress and fear.. Fear.. You imagine frightful scenes... injuries, murders, all kinds of attacks. And, on top of everything, you're a psychiatrist. A psychiatrist with a lot of experience. Someone who knows all too well the kind of monstrosities which can be spawned inside a sick mind... All the unexpected and irrational combinations that can take shape inside the thoughts and can also be carried out in reality. And you say to yourself: "I'll ask for help. The state will surely protect me. I've spent my entire life trying to do the things it imposed on me as being good! And my parents, too, believed in it, and... so will my children!" And... (*He stops.*)

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

(*Curious.*) And what happens then, doctor? This is becoming, how shall I say this, just like a movie, this story of yours.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

The movie continues with you suddenly realizing that you're not as protected as you believed to be. That with your sacrifices you've made a deposit on which not only are you not getting any interest, but your investments have been squandered and you're left with nothing. You have to start from zero after all this time and start investing in the true reality. You even have to learn how to take care of yourself, to defend yourself,



because not only are you not getting any protection from others, no, but they're also your potential attackers if you endanger their interests in any way. Suddenly... alone, bankrupt, with the unbearable feeling of humiliation, misery... emptiness, betrayal... And then you begin to feel it... the scariest... Most dreadful...

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

What? What is it, doctor? Tell me, but please, make it simple.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Rage!!!... Terrible, endless rage, overflowing your senses, and it keeps coming. It doesn't stop. It can't stop! It keeps rising, pulling you down, swelling up inside you. You feel like you're about to explode! And... it doesn't stop but endlessly keeps rising and rising... While you suddenly realize that you have the urge do break everything in your reach! You want to punch everyone, smash their heads in! They're all to blame... It's their fault! (*Pause.*) But, you immediately know that it's not true. You don't hate the others, you hate yourself! (*At that moment he shouts in the policeman's face.*) Heeey...! It's unbearable! You were stupid and naïve. You fool! You're going to spend your entire life trying to be nice? Well-behaved, polite, believing that the others always tell the truth?!... You just be a good boy and everything will be all right!? Be good because evil brings evil!?... It does?! Yes! But how?!... Someone else's evil upon you, because you're nice. You fool! You ape!!

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Who? Me?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

No, not you, him... the doctor, the engineer, the artist, the professor... The ones that were brought up well. Them!... And now, let's return to reality.. You're a policeman, and I'm a doctor. Tell me, how did it feel being me? Being the person in the story I told you. The movie, as you called it.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Confused.)* I don't know what to say. *(He thinks.)* I didn't understand it... How did I feel?... Well, confused, I think. Something like that... Powerless, indecisive... *(His face lights up.)* But, fortunately, I know what to do in these situations. Doctor! Is that all?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Since we're talking about the movie, just one more thing...

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Interrupts him. His face is serious again.)* Yes. But make it quick. I have a lot of work to do. I'm sure you know that. Besides... you have to wait for the inspector. Right?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'll get out of your way. I can't wait for him. But I only have one little thing left to say. What would you say if I took the freedom of protecting myself? For example,

the next time she harasses me, I just smash her head in... or I wring her neck... or I get a gun, you can get them on the street for next to nothing. Then, when she attacks me, I just put a bullet through her head?! Ha? Mister police officer? What do you say to that?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(He's stunned, becomes extremely serious. He gives the psychiatrist a sharp look.)* What are you talking about? That is a crime! Murder!... Homicide. You'll have to answer for it. Don't you go making these plans, doctor, I'm asking you! Don't do it. Don't say it, and don't even think it. Those things are against the law.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

But let's imagine that I'm doing it in self-defense. To protect myself and my family.

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Doctor! Please! Remember who you are. You can't think of doing these things. If you do them we will arrest you at once and you'll have to do time. If that happened you would have to go to jail.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

What about her? What if she does it?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

Well... we'll bring up charges against her. She'll go on trial. But... if she's really crazy, she.. the charges will be

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dropped and she'll be committed to an institution... Until she's released from there, too.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

She'll be free and I'll be in jail... or in my grave?

THE FIRST POLICEMAN:

*(Turns his back on the psychiatrist and opens his notebook.)* You shouldn't put things that way. And... I have work to do now. Please, excuse me. Good-bye.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Good-bye.. And thank you for your sincerity. *(The psychiatrist leaves the station. Darkness falls on the stage.)*

END OF SCENE EIGHT

## **SCENE 9**



*The waiting room from scene one. The psychiatrist is alone, sitting on a chair, and looking at the painting hanging on the wall in front of him. He sits by himself for a long time, silent and still. The sounds of Mozart's "Requiem" quietly flow through the air. At one point the door to the doctor's office opens, and the doctor steps out, followed by another man. They talk quietly, briefly look at the psychiatrist, then keep walking toward the exit, talking while they go. After seeing the visitor out, the doctor walks back, stops at the end of the waiting room and looks at the psychiatrist who's spent the entire time silently looking at the painting in front of him, never showing a sign of being aware of the presence of others around him. The doctor remains standing like that for a while, then he takes a cigarette out of his pocket, lights it, and approaches the psychiatrist.*

THE DOCTOR:

Lovely painting isn't it? *(After a while the psychiatrist nods in confirmation, never taking his eyes off the painting.)* Nature...Ah! The power of nature!... Makes you feel relaxed. In harmony. Aaah... sure, this is an abstract painting, but it resembles nature, doesn't it?... Hills, valleys... those look like clouds, over there... heavy clouds... Look at how they hang between the slopes of the hills... and the whole thing together, it looks like a part of some sea, eh?...Ah! That's art! Look, see, it always reveals

something new to you! (*The psychiatrist smiles a weak, silent smile, without moving his body or his eyes.*) Doctor! You don't seem well!... I've been looking at you since this morning... Would you like a coffee, perhaps?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

No... I don't need anything right now... I just want to be alone for a while... By myself... I'm sorry.

*The doctor doesn't say anything. He remains standing in the same spot for a while, looking at the psychiatrist. He remains sitting still, looking at the painting. The doctor then turns away and steps inside his office, closing the door behind him. After a while the door opens and he comes into the waiting room, carrying a book. In the meantime we hear the constant ringing of the telephone. The psychiatrist doesn't respond to it.*

THE DOCTOR:

The mother and daughter keep calling. They never stop. (*A short pause. The doctor sits down, turning the pages of the book in front of him.*) It's interesting. Lately, the mother has been calling a lot more often than the daughter. (*The psychiatrist doesn't react at all, the doctor keeps turning the pages of the book.*) And she also makes threats!... (*The doctor keeps looking at the book for a while, then suddenly closes it with a loud noise and slams it against the table.*) For God's sake! I wonder, are lunatics going to be allowed to harass people like us forever? It's... we can't even do our work in peace!?... Not only



they bother you all the time, spilling their dirt on you, but...on top of everything they even make threats. Damn! *(He stands up with agitation and paces through the room, lighting a cigarette. He stops next to the window and looks out. The psychiatrist remains silent and still.)* What's a man to do... You go to the police "Don't worry! It will work out fine, buddy! It's not in our jurisdiction, but..." And you said *(briefly turns to the psychiatrist.)* at the court, they also told you there wasn't anything they could do in this matter. *(He turns back to the window.)* "There's no adequate legal solution". There's no legal solution for this problem?! Not an adequate one?! Adequate?!... That policeman had the right idea about what would be an adequate solution. But I guess that's not who we are. "That kind"!... It seems we're the crazy ones around here... Because we're "this kind"!... There is a solution, but not for "our kind". Them, the "other kind", they have the solution. Pfff! *(He exhales.)* Why am I not one of that "other kind"? I could have solved all of my problems. *(He takes the book from the table, turns away and walks to his office in anger, adding as he goes.)* The Balkans! That's the Balkans for you!! Tell you what... forgive my saying so, but fuck the Balkans and everything else with it... *(He slams the door behind him. The psychiatrist remains still. A lot of time goes by, during which nothing happens. At one point the outside door to the waiting room opens and one of the thugs walks in. His face is lit up with a triumphant smile. He walks slowly and with determination toward the psychiatrist, who is still sitting and staring at the painting in front of him.)*

THE FIRST THUG:

*(Rubs his hands together, then sits in the chair across from the psychiatrist.)* Hello! Hey!... Good afternoon, doctor!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Slowly turns his eyes toward the thug.)* Good afternoon. How may I help you?

THE FIRST THUG:

I'm here because you need help, doctor, not me. *(Pause.)* Doctor, I'll make it short. It has come to my attention, it doesn't matter how, that you have a certain problem. You're being harassed! Heh, heh, heh... *(The psychiatrist remains speechless. Pause.)* It seems that someone is threatening you, doctor... Taking the liberty of disturbing you... and so on. And you, you're unable to solve this problem. *(Pause.)* Hello, doctor! Still there?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Pensive and quietly.)* Yes.

THE FIRST THUG:

Well... how shall I explain this. To put it simply, me and my team, we're a sort of institution, you know, the kind that solves these particular problems. That's our, lets call it, area of expertise. Our field of activity and... we are very efficient! We solve the case quickly, successfully... and permanently!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

How?... How do you do that?...

THE FIRST THUG:

*(Laughs at this.)* Ha, ha, ha! How?! Ha, ha!... Doctor! Stop playing the fool! How?! Where do you live? Everyone knows how we solve these problems. *(Pause. The psychiatrist is silent, sitting still.)* Hellooo, doctor...

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Interrupts him.)* How did you find out about my problem? I don't get it...

THE FIRST THUG:

That's beside the point... Heh, heh, heh. We know everything. We have all the information... And we're the only ones around here who can solve problems of this sort.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

But why do you do it?... Why would you do that for me, for example?

THE FIRST THUG:

Doctor. Are you making fun of me?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

Why would I do that?

THE FIRST THUG:

Hmm... I don't know. Never mind. What we're interested in is the money. After all, you have to make a living. If a guy pays, there we are, no worries. That's the end of the trouble because it's the end of the trouble-makers... Or at least the end of their desire for making trouble. Ha, ha, ha!... Guaranteed! If the money is good, anything can be taken care of. Get it now?!

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I think so. Well, thank you for stopping by.

THE FIRST THUG:

So?

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

I'll try to think about your offer.

*The thug stands up, pats the psychiatrist on the back a few times, pinches his cheek, laughs in his face, rubs his hands together as if shaking off dust, and walks away with the manners of a gigolo, looking back several times before walking out with a grin on his face. The psychiatrist walks over to his office and sits at the desk, covering his face with his hands. A lot of time goes by. The psychiatrist remains in the same position for the entire time. At one point the door to the second office opens and the doctor appears, wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.*

THE DOCTOR:

See you. I'm off.

THE PSYCHIATRIST:

*(Speaks through his hands, without looking up.)* Farewell.

*The doctor looks at him briefly, shakes his head and shrugs, turns away and leaves without saying a word. The psychiatrist remains sitting down. We can see through the window that darkness is slowly beginning to fall outside. Darkness invades the space. The room is dark and silent for a long time. Only a pale ray of light comes in through the window.*

*At one moment we see the shape of the psychiatrist rising, followed by a scream. The shape quickly moves through space, we hear punching noises. There are books flying everywhere, smashing against the walls and landing heavily on the office floor. The shape rips them and throws them around in rage, screaming loudly while doing so. In the end, the furious shape scatters the furniture around with a few sudden moves, piece by piece, then in one quick move smashes the telephone against the wall. Shortly after that the shape stops, slowly sinking to the floor. We hear quiet sobs and crying.*

END OF SCENE NINE



# **PLAY 4**





*Night. A city street flooded by heavy rain that is still falling hard. The psychiatrist is walking along the sidewalk, his hands in his pockets, not noticing the rain or the fact that he's soaking wet. A few feet behind him there's a car which is obviously following him, but he's not aware of it. There are three people inside the car, in the darkness. After a while the psychiatrist turns around and notices the car. He runs to it and starts kicking it. Two tall man with cigars in their mouths step out of the car, (from their shapes we recognize the thugs from the bar), they brutally grab the psychiatrist and shove him into the back of the car. The psychiatrist resists them as much as he can but they overpower him. The door closes and the car, with all its lights turned off, leaves the street. After a while the car returns and stops. One of the back doors opens. A human body rolls off onto the street. It's the psychiatrist, who remains lying still on the street. From the dark inside of the car a cigar-butt comes flying out and falls on the psychiatrist. The door closes, the car leaves. The psychiatrist remains lying in the middle of the street, not showing any signs of life.*



## **SCENE 10**



*An airport bar in front of a glass wall which looks out onto a wide lawn covered with plants. A man is leaning against the counter with his back toward the audience. He is wearing a white linen suit, an exotic orange t-shirt underneath the suit, and a white hat on his head. There's a small suitcase by his feet. On the counter next to him we see plenty of travel advertisements. The man takes a cigar out of one of his pockets and a special cigar-knife from the other. He cuts the cigar with ease, lights it with relaxed movements, and enjoys the first puff. Slowly he drinks his coffee while looking out the window without any interest in the people moving around him, next to him, walking toward the gates. From time to time we hear passenger calls and flight information coming over the speakers.*

*At one point, the announcement for an intercontinental flight comes from the speaker, asking the passengers to immediately come to the gate. The man slowly puts out his cigar, gathers the travel ads and puts them inside his pocket, leaves some money on the counter and walks over to one of the gates. Before walking through the gate, he turns around for a moment and glances at the space behind him. It's the psychiatrist, who quickly continues walking through the gate.*

*In the distance behind him, a man is sitting on one of the chairs, the top part of his body is hidden by the*

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*newspaper he holds. The newspaper moves away and reveals the face of the snitch, who's quickly folding the paper, before walking out on the other side, toward the car park. Right in front of the entrance a black Mercedes with darkened windows is parked. The second thug is sitting in the driver's seat. The snitch opens the door, sits next to him.*

THE SNITCH:

And that's the end of this story. Go...

*The Mercedes leaves the car park.*

END OF SCENE TEN

## **SCENE 11**





*Night. A door leading into a dark corridor. Silence. A gloved hand reaches for the door-handle, then opens the door quietly and slowly. A shape slips through the door. After a while we hear gunshots. The shape steps out and quickly disappears down the corridor. A cigar-butt is left lying on the floor.*

- THE END -

A psychiatrist is trapped, forced into finding a solution to the mystery of the imagined pregnancy of his client, Sarah, who together with the help of her deranged mother is making his life a living hell. Can the psychiatrist find help in the institutions of the system? Who are the heroes in this story?

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